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62.

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

OMESTIC CONTRASTS;

OR, THE

ferent Fortunes of *Nancy* and *Lucy*.

PART. I.

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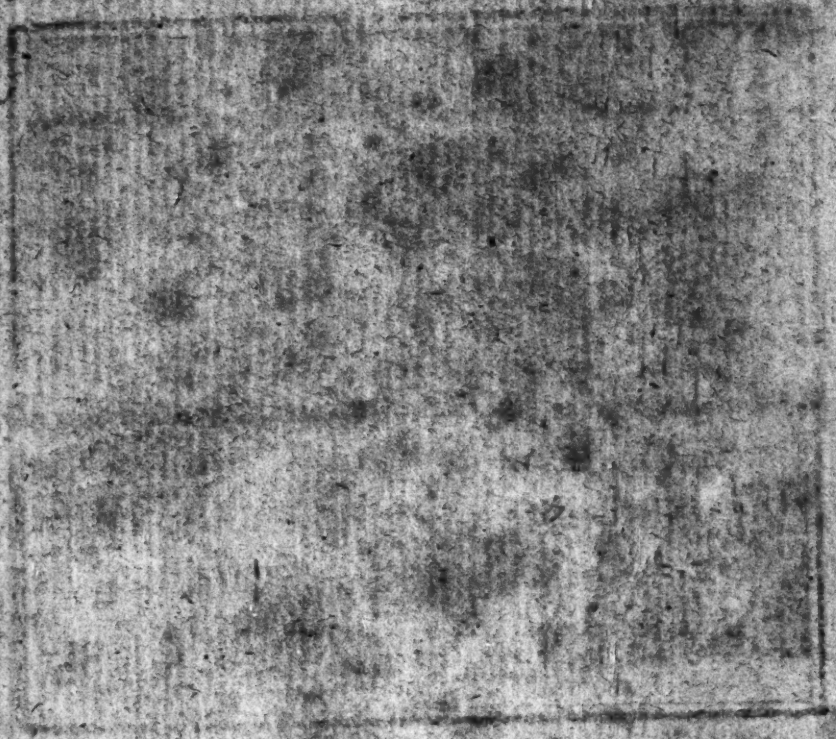

Domeſtic Contraſts, &c.

WHEN Goody Maſon happened to call one evening upon her neighbour Carter, ſhe was ſurpriſed to ſee her giving way to a violent fit of crying. "How now, my good woman," ſaid ſhe, has any misfortune befallen you? Your children are all well, I hope? Has any thing happened to my little favourite Phill? I do not ſee him amongſt you.

"Ah, neighbour!" ſaid the poor woman ſobbing, "we are all very well; but I am the moſt miſerable of creatures, and can never hope to be happy again." Here ſhe burſt into a freſh agony of grief, and it was ſome time before ſhe was able to ſpeak. Goody Maſon was much affected to ſee her in ſuch great diſtreſs. She rinſed out

a mug that ſtood upon the dreſſer, and brough her ſome cold water in it, and then waited by he till ſhe began to recover. "Oh, Goody!" ſai Mrs. Carer, when ſhe came a little to herſelf, "m wicked child has almoſt broken my heart. It is bu three months ſince I fitted her out to live with Ma dam Simpſon, of Farley Place, and now ſhe has th ingratitude to tell me, that if ſhe had the fingerin of a thouſand pounds, I ſhould never be a ſhillin the better for it, for I never did any thing for her ſhe ſays."

"It is a very hard thing," continued Mrs Carter, "to be ſerved ſo by ones own child, afte ſtriving and ſtriving ſo long to keep her; aye, and it was but the other day, when we firſt heard of the place, that I bought her a new gown, though, hea- ven knows, I could ill afford it, and gave up my own blue ſtuff petticoat to her; whichwas as good as good as new, for all I had worn it ſo long.

Mrs. Maſon agreed with her neighbour in la- menting her daughter's ingratitude, "though," ſaid ſhe, "I cannot but ſay I am a little ſurpriſed at it. I always took Nance to be rather pert or ſo, but I never could have thought of her behav- ing in that manner neither." "She ſaid thoſe words that I told you Mrs. Maſon," ſaid Mrs. Carter, "as true as I ſtand here. I will tell you how it began,

She is to have five guineas a year, and laſt Monday was a week Madam paid her her firſt quarter's money. So what does ſhe do, but go and buy a fine flaſhy bonnet, with a power of ribbons about it; and to be ſure ſhe muſt have a muſlin apron, and ſome lace to her caps, and a ſmart pair of ſhoes with roſes on them. So truly this afternoon ſhe muſt dreſs herſelf out in all her frippery, to come to bring the children ſome cakes and ſugar-plums. So in ſhe comes ſmiling and ſmirking, as if ſhe meant to inſult us by her finery. 'Hey day! Madam," ſaid I, who would have thought of ſeeing you ſo gay? What buſineſs have you, you jade you, to ſpend your money without my leave?" 'I work for my money, mother,' ſays ſhe, and I have a right to do as I pleaſe with it.' I'll prove your rights, you huſſey,' ſaid I. You ſhan't have a farthing if you don't behave well.' On this ſhe burſt out a laughing, which to be ſure did make me very angry: and then one word begot another, till I fairly turned her out of doors; and hitting her a box on the ear, 'Take that, you toad,' ſaid I,' 'and come here again if you dare.' Nance tried to open the door, but I had faſtened that and ſo ſhe went to the window. 'Mother," ſays ſhe, gnaſhing her teeth, 'I vow I never will come near you again. I can provide for myſelf, and don't care for you. If I had the fingering of a thouſand

pounds you ſhould never be a farthing the better for it; and it would be the greateſt joy of my life to ſee you all ſtarving or in a workhouſe."

"Shocking words indeed, neighbour," ſaid Mrs. Maſon; "and I don't wonder they diſtreſſed you. But don't you think you a little brought them down upon yourſelf? Human creatures are not toads, Mrs. Carter, and ſhould not be called by that name. I think as you do, it is a pity for young girls to dreſs flaſhy; but perhaps if you had ſpoken kindly to Nance, and not abuſed and called her names, you might have brought her to be more careful."

"La! neighbour," ſaid Mrs. Carter, "you don't know my children. Why they are the moſt impudent things in the world, and would be fit for nothing if I did not manage them with a high hand."

Mrs. *Maſon.* Take care, my good friend, that you do not carry things too far. I am inclined to think you would have had more influence over Nancy, aye, and more reſpect too, if you had behaved more gently to her. From the time your children are out of arms, Mrs. Carter, they have hardly ever a kind word from you, unleſs they happen to be ſick. If they are doing what you do not like, you call to them to leave off, or elſe

you'll *thraſh* them, or, if you don't let that alone I'll *lick* you; and I have often ſeen you beat and bang them about, worſe than if they were dogs.

Mrs. *Carter*. You uſe me very unkindly, Mrs. Maſon. Is it not enough to be curſed by one own child, but muſt I be upbraided by you too? I defy any one to ſay I am not a good mother to my children. I am ſure I ſlave early and late to keep them clean and tight, and often go ſupperleſs to-bed, that they may fill their bellies.

Mrs. *Maſon*. O, Mrs. Carter, I don't mean to make you uneaſy. I don't doubt you wiſh to do well by your children, and I often admire and praiſe you for being ſuch a notable induſtrious a woman. I only want to make you conſider the matter a little for your own happineſs; for indeed we parents owe our little ones many more duties than merely providing for them. It was God you know made us, and he likes to ſee his creatures happy. If we would pleaſe him, we muſt try to make every body about us comfortable; but moſt of all our own children, who are given particularly to our care; and I am afraid that thoſe who make their lives unhappy, will have to anſwer for it hereafter. I am ſorry to ſay, that it is often the way with us poor women, to treat our own children worſe than

we would a brute. I would have you, Goody, think of it a little, and I am ſure you will find it is not right. You know the Bible tells us, to "do unto others as we would have them do unto us." Now if you reflect, I am very certain you will find, you have not treated Nance as you would like in her place to be treated yourſelf. Harſh words and blows ſerve to no end, but to make children diſlike their parents, and then, where's the wonder they ſhould deſert them as ſoon as they are able to work for themſelves.

Mrs. *Carter*. Surely, Mrs. Maſon, I have a right to do as I pleaſe by my own. It is a very hard thing a woman mayn't ſpeak to her own children without being called to account for it.

Mrs. *Maſon*. Your children, Mrs. Carter, are not ſo much yours as God's; and he will require you to do the beſt by them you can. Now it is a very bad way to be always ſcolding. Only think what an example you ſet them! You tell your children they ought to be good-humoured and kind to every one, and are angry with them when they are croſs and peeviſh. What then muſt they think of their mother, if they ſee her always ſtorming and putting herſelf in a paſſion? if they find their home made unhappy through her means?

Mrs. *Carter.* Indeed, Mrs. Maſon, you take up the matter too ſeriouſly. If I do ſcold my children, it don't diſtreſs them ſo much as you imagine. They know it is *my way*, and they don't care for it.

Mrs. *Maſon.* But then, do not you think, my good friend, it muſt be a moſt *terrible* way, that can make your children not care whether you appear angry or pleaſed with them? And what can you ſuppoſe will be the conſequence, but that they ſhould turn out juſt as Nance does, and tell you they are determined not to mind you? But the truth is, Mrs. Carter, that though they don't care for your ſcolding enough to do as you would have them, it ſerves to make them uncomfortable with you. By this means you loſe their love, and when they are grown up, you may get it again if you can.

Mrs. *Carter.* I am ſure, notwithſtanding all you ſay, no mother can be more fond than me. I declare Nancy's behaviour has flurried me ſo I cannot get over it.

Mrs. *Maſon.* Any parent muſt be diſtreſſed at ſuch treatment, and I am ſure I pity you ſincerely; but indeed you muſt excuſe my ſaying, that I think your conduct to her was quite as much to be blam-

ed. How can you expect Nancy to govern her tongue, when you, who are ſo much older, cannot ſee any thing you don't like, without flying out and calling names?

Mrs. *Carter.* A pretty doctrine upon my word! And ſo you would make the child equal with the parent, would you, Mrs. Maſon?

Mrs. *Maſon.* I think the laws in the Goſpel that command us to be *meek*, are equally binding on all; and I think that parents have a double motive to keep their temper; for they are bound to give their children a good example.

Mrs. *Carter.* You ſeem turning preacher. Pray go on with your ſermon. It is a long time ſince I was ſo lectured.

Mrs. *Maſon.* I am very ſorry to give you offence, Mrs. Carter. I am ſure I did not intend it. I only ſpoke becauſe I ſaw you unhappy, and I thought, without care, you ran the riſk of being made ſo by your other children likewiſe. If you like it I can hold my tongue, but I think if you would be perſuaded to alter your conduct, you would find your account in it both here and hereafter. Your little ones will love and obey you ten times more than they now do. When you grow

in years, and want help, you will find the care of a fond child the greateſt comfort of your life; and when you come to die, your God will reward you for having been ſo good a mother.

As Goody Carter had not naturally a bad heart, ſhe was a good deal touched by what her neighbour ſaid. "Oh! Mrs. Maſon," ſaid ſhe, "what ſhould I do? It ſurely cannot be right never to croſs them, but to give them their way in every thing? I ſhould have them come to a fine paſs then."

"No, no," anſwered Mrs. Maſon. "That would be a fault on the other ſide. If you chooſe to have any thing done, don't put yourſelf in a paſſion, but be very ſteady in making them mind you; but then you muſt be careful not to croſs them for nothing, nor vex their tempers by ſcolding them when they don't deſerve it. When you find them out in lying, or any great faults, I would certainly have you very ſevere; but if they only happen to be ignorant, or heedleſs, remember you were once young; and ſometimes forgive them. Above all, when you find it neceſſary to be angry, and to correct them, never abuſe and call them names, but keep your temper, and try to convince them that they have done wrong, and that you only puniſh them for their good."

When Mrs. Maſon was gone, Mrs. Carter began to think a great deal about what ſhe had been ſaying. She was a woman of good ſenſe, and did not want for candor; beſides this, ſhe feared God, and wiſhed to pleaſe him. The advice of her good neighbour, together with the unkindneſs of her eldeſt daughter, made her conſider the matter more ſeriouſly than ſhe had ever done before; and ſhe now determined, if ſhe poſſibly could, to alter her behaviour to her children. She recollected however, that without the grace of God ſhe ſhould not be able to improve; ſo ſhe knelt down and prayed to him in the firſt place, and every morning afterwards, when ſhe got up, ſhe particularly begged that he would aſſiſt her to have more command over her temper.

It is ſurpriſing in how ſhort a time a change was made in the happineſs of this little family. Lucy, the ſecond girl, about ten years old, was naturally of a very ſweet temper. When her mother therefore began to treat her ſo kindly as to make home a comfortable place, ſhe would return thither as ſoon as ſchool was over, and would either work for the children, or aſſiſt in the waſhing; inſtead of running about the village, tearing, or dirtying her cloaths.

Mrs. Carter had four children younger than Lucy. With theſe ſhe had hitherto kept up a perpetual warfare, being always either huffing or beating them. But for all this ſeverity, it was remarkable that there were not a ſet of more ſqualling, unruly children in the pariſh, or that gave more trouble to their mother. This all aroſe from want of proper management. If Mrs. Carter ſaw them doing any thing ſhe did not like, ſhe never ſtopped to conſider whether they did it from want of knowing better, or from naughtineſs; but ſhe would run after them, and bang them about, till ſhe ſet them a crying, though perhaps the very next day ſhe would give them leave to do the very ſame thing. Now in this caſe I ſhould like to be told, how it was poſſible for theſe poor children to know what was right or what was wrong; for their mother would ſometimes praiſe them, and ſometimes ſcold them, for the very ſame actions. It has been ſo often ſaid that Mrs. Carter was harſh to her children, that perhaps it may be ſuppoſed ſhe took great care of their morals. No ſuch thing. If they interfered with her buſineſs, by accident threw one another down, or made a dirt about the houſe, they were ſure of a thraſhing; but they might be cunning, ſelfiſh, or revengeful, without being ſpoken to.

I am ſure every ſenſible perſon will agree with

me, that it was a pity to make ſo much fuſs about trifles, and at the ſame time to neglect the moſt important duty, of rooting out their evil diſpoſitions. Mrs. Carter was brought to be of the ſame opinion by her good friend Maſon's advice, ſo that ſhe determined in future to overlook their little childiſh follies, but to be very ſtrict in conquering their bad habits. Providence was pleaſed to bleſs her virtuous endeavours. In a ſhort time ſhe had the pleaſure to find her little ones much improved; and her kind treatment of them made them love her dearly. By this means a great many farthings and halfpence were ſaved in the courſe of the week, that with all her ſcolding ſhe had been uſed to give them to get them quiet.

The greateſt trouble Goody Carter met with was from her ſon Will, a ſturdy lad about twelve years of age. He had long been paſt minding her ſcolding, and his mother had very much given way to him, from the miſtaken notion, that women cannot manage great boys. By the advice of her good neighbour, however, (who frequently called to encourage her, and to ſee how ſhe went on) ſhe now determined to take him in hand, as ſhe called it, and to try to make him both obey and love her. In order to ſucceed ſhe had need of all her patience. Very frequently ſhe was on the point of putting herſelf

in a paſſion; but fortunately ſhe checked herſelf in time, and did not loſe her temper.

They had ſeveral different quarrels, in all which ſhe herſelf had got the maſtery; when one morning, in revenge for ſomething ſhe had ſaid to him the night before, he refuſed to go to work; nor could his mother, by any thing ſhe could ſay, prevail upon him to ſtir. Mrs. Carter was determined to get the better of his obſtinacy. She did not ſpeak a word for fear of loſing her temper, but ſhe took him by the ſhoulders, and puſhed him into a little cloſet, where ſhe kept him locked up the whole day without one mouthful of food. When Will found they were eating their ſupper, without taking any notice of him, he began to think it time to come down a little; ſo he very humbly begged his mother's pardon, and promiſed never to behave ſo bad again. When the quarrel was made up, Mrs. Carter was very careful to behave kindly to him, ſo that Will not only kept his word, but but became very much attached to her. Thus we ſee how kindneſs and good management reſtored peace and comfort to Mrs. Carter's cottage.

In the courſe of a few years Mrs. Carter had additional reaſon to rejoice, that ſhe had behaved more tenderly to her children.

For a long time before her death she was afflicte
with a stroke of the palsy; and far from being ab
to work for herself, could not move without assi
tance. Now if she had not been wise enough
make friends of her children, she must either hav
been left to the parish, or have perished for wan
of proper care. As it was, her son William, wh
was very well married, was happy to have it in h
power to offer his mother a comfortable home
her last days; and Lucy, who had long been ver
fond of her, left a very good place, in which she ha
many advantages, and got work from a manufactor
hard by, that she might be able to attend upo
her; whilst the younger ones, who had all got ou
in the world, made it a rule to save a part of the
earnings to help to maintain her.

What became of the ungrateful Nancy, and wha
happened to Lucy from the time she went to ser
vice, may perhaps be related in some future story.

THE END.